



"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

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## A SCOUT'S ADVENTURES.

Hiding and Resting in a Cave for 10 Days.

HELD UP BY A YANK.

A Corn-Husking Bee Followed by a Dance.

A SCOUTING EXPEDITION.

The Scout Returns to His Regiment Once More.

BY JOHN E. FARNSWORTH, 1st WIS. CAV., BAZINE, KAN.

CHAPTER X.  
FALSE ALARM—HIDING AND RESTING IN A CAVE TEN DAYS—FORAGED A HOG—MURPHY AND STOVER LEAVE US—NARROW ESCAPE—FOR GOD'S SAKE, RUN—EXPERIENCE WITH CHESTNUTS—CORN HUSKING AND DANCE.

O horses or dangerous indications could be found around, and as we approached and looked through the window, only a well-filled table and a warm fire presented a tempting invitation to us drenched and chilled mortals, while Mr. Mullie and wife, dressed in their best, were there to welcome us. In answer to our rap the door was opened and we were cordially invited to enter. Mr. M. stepping forward and introducing us to Mrs. Southern. Everything that could have been asked was done for our comfort, but the blazing log, was the most attractive of all for 10 or 15 minutes.

Mrs. Southern was the mother of the young man who shot Gen. John Morgan at Greenville, Tenn., and we found her a lady in the truest sense. A nephew of hers had come in from his hiding-place in a cave in the mountains to meet us, but mistaking us for home guards as we approached the house, he ran out into the rain and got soaking wet before he could be stopped.

Our teeth stopped chattering in 10 minutes, and after spending about 30 minutes in social converse with our new-found friends, we were invited into the dining-room and satisfied the cravings of our appetites.

After putting ourselves around as much of the good things provided as was good for us we went back to the glowing fireplace. After two or three hours spent in pleasant conversation, we decided to accept the kind offer of Mr. Southern and go up the mountain to his cave.

An extra supply of blankets was brought out and offered us, as our kind hosts were afraid there were not enough at the cave to accommodate us all. As I had been quite lame for several days, I was glad to accept almost any offer to rest and recruit myself.

Reaching the cave after an hour's walk, we found it a shelter from the wind and storm, but cold and damp. Spreading our bedding upon the rocks, we were soon dreaming of loved ones at home. We slept until 6 o'clock the next morning, then ate our breakfast and started down the mountain with our friend to meet a number of men known in that country as "scouters," or, in other words, men who positively refused to take a musket and fight for the Confederate Government.

After two or three miles' travel we were piloted into a laurel thicket, with a clear space of about 50 feet square, in the center, where we found 20 men, each armed with old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles, with powder-horn and bullet-pouch hanging by their sides, reminding us of Revolutionary days as reported in "ye olden" time. They were like undressed diamonds, rough to look upon, but inside those home-made garments were hearts as true and loyal as any north of Mason and Dixon's line.

During the day we had several invitations to visit their caves, or homes, as they called them, and as I was troubled with rheumatism, my companions agreed to accept the invitations of two men named Queen and Younger.

After traveling two or three miles I, being nearly exhausted, said to Mr. Younger, "How much farther is it?"

"Right here," he answered. "If you will step a little to one side we will open up."

IMAGINE MY SURPRISE when I saw him scrape away the leaves, take away some flat rock, then a few pieces of boards, revealing a hole just large enough to admit one man at a time. Entering we found a small room fitted up with a fireplace to make it comfortable. They had dug out the room and covered it with poles and dirt, then transplanted the

brush that was growing over it. They dug a trench up the mountain-side about 60 feet, covering it over, for a chimney. We remained here 10 days; came on Nov. 7 and left on the 17th, 1864.

Not wishing to live altogether upon the charity of our friends, we decided to furnish the pork, and having learned the whereabouts of an old reb, we visited his place and took the best hog we could find, skinned and dressed it according to the fashion learned while with our command. Mr. Younger, being of a conscientious nature, refused to eat any of our provisions, and we agreed to get out of sight as soon as possible, and I will come or send one of the girls down to you soon."

We began to take in the situation, and lit out at a lively gallop down that path without further ceremony. We had not gone far when we looked around and saw Mrs. Estep coming after us on the run. Halting to ascertain the trouble, she informed us that a man belonging to the militia was then at the house, and several more were expected every minute, which explained her strange actions; they were friends, and would do anything to help us.

Secreting ourselves during the day, we called upon Mr. Piper, having been directed there by Mrs. Estep, who in turn directed us up the road eight miles to the house of J. Story, on the top of the mountain, and were compelled to take to the brush several times to avoid being seen by parties coming down.

Hall was confident we were not following directions, but we reached there just as the clock struck 3 a. m., and after prowling around the house, while to satisfy Hall, we ventured to knock at the door.

Mr. Story's son came to the door and demanded what was wanted. Informing him that we were escaped prisoners from Salisbury, traveling on the underground railroad, and had been referred to his father as one of its conductors, he asked us numerous questions, and we were interviewed by one of the daughters; then the old lady took us in hand, and by this time the old gent had got up, and he too had to question us. Convincing them at last that we were what we claimed, and not militia, they directed us to Charles Hutton's, in the cave down the mountain. They asked us to take a lunch before starting, and as we were never known to refuse anything in the eatable line, we filled up on baked apples and milk.

It clouded up just after starting down the mountain, and we had some difficulty in finding a horse, but finally succeeded in a little after sunrise, and found the family at breakfast. We had no trouble in convincing him that we were all right, and after partaking of a hearty breakfast we went into a laurel-thicket and remained that day.

We passed through a chestnut grove on the road to our thicket, where the nuts covered the ground, and we ate pretty freely of them. It was my first experience with green chestnuts, and I never forgot it. About 10 o'clock in the forenoon, a yoke of heavy, like Faddy's mule, and was convinced that a pint of green chestnuts could create a greater commotion in a man's stomach than a pint of vinegar bit.

Mr. Hutton's son-in-law agreed to pilot us over into the coffee settlement, but as it clouded up in the evening and had the appearance of rain, he did not like to venture out, and as I was suffering from rheumatism, we decided to accept their kind hospitality and remain over a day or two.

The next day they had a corn-gathering and in the evening a hog-killing, in which about 20 young folks and some older ones participated. The corn was all shucked by 10 o'clock and the young people went to the house to have a dance. I was too lame to take part in the festivities, and went out and crawled into a pile of corn-husks and slept until morning.

CHAPTER XI.  
COFFEE VALLEY EXPERIENCE—HALTED BY BOY IN BLUE—ADDITION TO OUR PARTY. TRADING SHOES—RAID TO JOHNSON COUNTY FOR STOCK AND PLUNDER—SURPRISED BY REBELS—REACHED COFFEE VALLEY—MURPHY AND STOVER RETURNED—EXPERIENCE CATCHING CHICKENS.

We decided to move on in the morning, and as the son-in-law could not accompany us as he had agreed to do, we started alone. We had been directed to Austin Coffee's as a good Union man, but his brothers, Reuben and Owen, were represented as radical rebels, and to avoid mistakes, their houses and surroundings had been minutely described to us.

About noon it began to rain and never ceased until late in the night. While following a foot-path through the woods, voices were heard in front of us, and we started back. It was a log, not a minute too soon, when several men with guns passed by, who, afterwards learned, belonged to a militia regiment close by.

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Traveling about two miles down the mountain we came to a house in a little valley, which we believed was Owen Coffee's. It was foggy and raining, and we sought to find the house of Austin Coffee, but in vain, and going up the mountain again we found a path leading into another valley, which, after following a mile or two, brought us to a log house.

After a half hour's watching, to ascertain if there were any men around, and seeing none, we ventured to the house, and asking who lived there we were informed that Mrs. Coffee did. "Had we found the wrong Coffee again?" was the question uppermost in our minds as we asked, "What is Mrs. Coffee's given name?"

"His name is Cleveland," was the reply. "Is he a brother of Austin?" we asked, not having been posted as to his sentiments.

"Yes," said Mrs. Coffee. "Will you tell us who you are and where you are going?" "We are escaped prisoners on our way to Knoxville, and would like to find the home of Austin Coffee," we replied.

"You are trying to deceive me; you belong to the militia," he replied.

"No, we do not; we are Yankees, or Federal soldiers, and have no object in deceiving you."

"Do you know Reuben or Owen Coffee?" "We have heard of them, but don't want to see them."

"I guess you are all right, and can stop here just as well as go back to Austin's."

Assuring her that we would feel safer at Austin's, as we knew he was all right, she sent her little son and daughter with us to the top of the hill, to show us the path leading down to Austin's, where we arrived just before dark, wet and chilled through.

We were informed Mrs. Coffee would not be home before 8 or 9 o'clock; but Mrs. Coffee made us welcome, and we proceeded to dry our clothes before the fireplace.

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Speaking of the excitement with the other Mrs. Coffee, our hostess said, "Cleveland's folks are all right, and you have nothing to fear from them."

"I received an order to-day," said he, "to report at Salisbury to guard prisoners; but I allow I'll send word to you that I have all I can do to feed and care for escaped prisoners, without going to Salisbury to guard them."

He said there was no danger of anyone coming around in the night, and as it continued to rain, we slept in the house. At bed-time he pointed to the bed and said, "Crawl in there, boys, and sleep as sound as you would at home."

We accepted his kind offer, and slept in a bed for the first time in several months.

The next morning we started for the Banner settlement, having no difficulty in following the directions given by Mr. Coffee.

About noon we were surprised to see a young fellow, dressed in our blue, step from behind a tree and call out: "Halt! Hold up your hands."

"OR I WILL PUT A BOLT THROUGH YOU!" Taking in the situation, we got our hands up in good shape, and asked: "Are you a Federal soldier?"

"Yes," was his ready answer. "Who are you?"

We informed him, and he took the gun from his face. He belonged to the 1st N. C. Cav., was home on furlough, and had taken us for home guards or militia. Following his directions, we arrived at Mr. Banner's in the afternoon.

A little after dark we got our supper and slept in the loft of his stable. Here we met James McKeen, who lived in Carter County, Tenn., and gave us directions to his home in Tennessee, but as it snowed all day we failed to reach McKeen's, and halted for the night at the upper end of Crab Orchard Valley. The next morning we pulled on to Dr. Leonard's, thence to McKeen's and young Banner's.

During our stay in Carter County we went out several times to bushwhack the militia, but they were always on the lookout, and kept out of our way.

We were joined here by Lieut. Taylor, of the 1st Md.; Lieut. Blackburn, 9th Tenn., and Lieut. Brown and Coleman, of the 5th U. S. C.

Escaped prisoners came into Crab Orchard daily, until we numbered 25 or upwards.

As we had been living upon the charity of the loyal people in this County, it was decided to make a raid into Johnson County, Tenn., and several days were spent in getting arms, arms and ammunition ready. Arrangements were completed, and our party, numbering about 75, ready to march. While crossing Flat Mountain, a snowstorm set in, which continued all day and nearly all night. Hearing there were two or three rebel soldiers in the neighborhood, we decided to march at night, hoping to catch them, but we failed.

At one place we called the man out and kept him in the crowd until his wife could dress and send a candle. "Let me go in and put my shoes on," he said.

I decided he should not put them on, and as soon as the woman brought out the light we went into the house. "I guess I'll take care of this," said the man, and he went out. "That is the only party I have," said he. "I will give you mine."

"Yours are of no earthly account," he complained. "I admitted the correctness of his conclusions, but told him he would answer his purpose better than mine, as he could sit in the house and keep his feet dry."

As I gathered up the case of Hall could not find them, and we went on our way. They were better than his, and left the man the total weeks he had been working.

I found my new shoes were No. 11's. Lieut. Coleman captured the key to the house and was in a worse fix than I, for he had a No. 10 foot and a pair of eight shoes, so I bartered him for a trade, to which he willingly assented.

Calling at the next house in search of the rebel soldiers, we found one of them in the windows, and as Lieut. Taylor was passing the window he received a slight wound from someone inside with a pitchfork.

We called upon them to come out or give up the soldiers, as we would tear the house down if they did not comply. As no move was made toward complying with our demands, I went to the door and we started to go out. We cleared the house, and the rebels came out. At this juncture I was startled by the report of several guns, and going around to the front of the house saw a man running through the crowd, flourishing a pitchfork.

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the outfit together, gathering up the stock and plunder, especially the latter, which caused considerable quarreling as to ownership, the terrible excitement causing some to imagine they had more and better plunder than they really had. My plunder being strapped to me I was compelled to own it, which was all safe, except one plate "lost in action."

We again resumed our march, which was interrupted during the rest of the night. A little before daylight we halted the first time since leaving Crab Orchard and resumed our march again after sunrise. In the forenoon it began to snow and kept it up the entire day, causing us to think of the blazing fireplace and comfortable quarters awaiting us, as we passed over Flat Mountain.

Meeting a man from Crab Orchard who informed us Gen. J. H. Morgan was in the Orchard with a large force of cavalry, we headed our course back up the mountain and held a consultation, deciding to drive our stock down into a little cove and hide them in a laurel thicket, after which a part of our company

went down to the Crab Orchard to bushwhack the rebels during the night. Finding the rebels in much larger force than we expected, we

was abandoned and we went a short distance up the mountain and waited for daylight.

To our satisfaction we saw the enemy move out of the valley early in the morning, and going back to where the stock had been concealed the entire command moved toward Crab Orchard.

The day after our arrival the stock was divided, our squad receiving two horses and three head of cattle, which we divided with McKeen and Banner.

We now began to think of our journey to Knoxville, and on Dec. 29 we bade our kind friends adieu and again started for the Union lines, leaving the first day out that the 3d N. C. Cav., commanded by Col. Kirk, was on the Nola Chucky River just above Red Banks, which caused three rousing cheers for the good news from our line party.

Knowing that we could not hope to reach Col. Kirk's command before the next evening, nevertheless our traveling was done that afternoon with much lighter hearts than any preceding one in our long journey.

Lieut. Taylor had a horse captured in our raid to Johnson County, and we prevailed upon him to sell it and use the proceeds to pay our way. As he had, and just before we halted for the night he did so, receiving \$30. With this amount in the treasury we felt independent and would not be obliged to beg as long as the cash held out.

Halting for the night in Limestone Cove, we resumed our journey early the next morning in a blinding snowstorm, but being in such close proximity to our troops we did not mind it at all and trudged along through it until noon, when we stopped for dinner with a man named Morrison.

Sergeant W. E. Devoe, of Ohio, I did not learn his regiment, and several more I failed to get their names, joined our party at Crab Orchard. Just before our arrival a son of our host, a Lieutenant in Col. Kirk's regiment, had come home on a short visit to his parents. He assured us that we were comparatively out of danger, and after partaking of a sumptuous dinner we again set out, under escort of Lieut. Morrison, and arrived at Col. Kirk's headquarters about sunset, where, soon after our arrival, we were welcomed by Lieut. Morrison and Murphy come marching into camp. From appearances we judged that Murphy had made rather a hasty exit, as a few of the necessities of our trip were packed in a couple of horses, with his wife and children.

Col. Kirk began his retreat a few days after we joined him, and as he had several sick and wounded men, we were necessary to follow. We were followed all the way by bushwhackers from the time the retreat began, Col. Kirk being often compelled to form his regiment into line to resist their attacks, and at daylight we looked as if we were to have a lively time, but only a slight skirmish ensued, and the enemy fell back, when we went into camp soon after dark.

During the night Col. Kirk learned of an intended night attack upon him, and not wishing to take the chances, which were against him, we quietly slipped out of camp and crossed the Nola Chucky River about sunrise.

The next day we moved slowly and camped early in the afternoon. As it rained, our party stopped at a large farmhouse, and having the money to pay our way, concluded to make the best of it, so after making arrangements for supper, we were shown up stairs to a large room and comfortable fire.

After two or three hours we began to get uneasy about our supper, and I volunteered to go down and see about it. Imagine my astonishment when I was told that we had eaten our supper. I insisted that we had not, and would have known something about it if we had done so.

It seems that Col. Kirk and staff had come in just as our supper was ready, and confiscated it, not knowing that we had ordered it.

Not being inclined to give up our supper, I went to the kitchen to interview the cook, who said everything cooked had been eaten, but if I would catch a couple of chickens they would dress and cook them for us. To this proposition I readily assented, as it was nothing for a soldier to catch chickens, and I had the reputation of being an expert when with my regiment.

The chickens were roosting in an apple tree in the back yard, and when climbed it they all flew out. Just then several men stepped out upon the porch, and one of them demanded: "What in the name are you doing up there?"

Thinking it was one of our business, I made no reply, and the next instant two shots from a revolver whizzed by my head. This was more than I had bargained for, and dropping to the ground I hastily walked up to the man

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I thought had done the shooting, and putting my gun in my hand, I said: "Now, sir! I can tell you what I was doing, if you want to know."

"Hello! there, Farnsworth, is that you?" called out Col. Kirk. "I thought it was one of my boys, as I saw him prowling about the house."

(He had one company of Indians in his command.)

It was the Colonel that had shot, simply to scare an Indian as he thought, and I had mistaken the party doing the shooting and put my nose in a Lieutenant's face—one of his staff officers.

Explaining matters to the Colonel, he told me to call out some of the negroes and make them catch the chickens; but the ducky was a total failure, and we went to bed supperless, right on the eve of an exciting time with the advance-guard.

CHAPTER XII.  
COL. KIRK LOANED ME A HORSE—SKIRMISHING—EXCHANGED HORSE—GOT ONE OF MY OWN—ON WAY TO KNOXVILLE OVERTOOK OFFICER AND GOT AWAY WITH HORSE. SOLD HIM IN KNOXVILLE—PARTED COMPANY WITH HALL AND VOL. OF SQUAD AT KNOXVILLE—REACHED MY HOME.